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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 248.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

Malsbury Abbey, Wilts.



THE above engraving correctly represents the remains of what was once a very beautiful structure, and is supposed, indeed, to have been equal in magnificence to many of our cathedrals. This spot was originally the domicile of some English nuns, under the superintendence of the celebrated Dinoth, abbot of Banchor, who flourished in the year 603. They were, however, suppressed by St. Austin, archbishop of the Saxons, on account of their great irregularity of conduct; and about thirty years afterwards, one Maldolphus, a Scottish monk, who was living as a hermit near the place, begged a piece of the ground, and there built a monastery for his scholars that he had collected together, and, in time, obtained so good repute for learning and sanctity, that the place was from his name called Maldolphsbury, and now contracted to Malsbury. This monastery afterwards increased so greatly, that it was formed into a stately abbey, by Adhelm, one of his scholars, who became the first abbot, and so far obtained king Athelstan's favour, that he made him his titular saint, and greatly enriched the monastery.

Leland says, "there were in the abbey

church-yard three churches. The abbey church, a right magnificent thing, where there were two steeples, one that had a right high pyramid, and fell dangerously in hominum memoria: it stood in the middle of the transeptum of the church, and was a mark to all the country about; the other yet standeth—a great square tower at the west end of the church. The townsmen, of late, bought this church of the king and made it their parish church. The choir has since been suffered to fall to decay, but the body of the church, which is spacious, is still used for divine service. On one of the sixteen bells of this church was the following curious distich:

*Elysium coeli nunquam commendat ad animum,
Qui fixat hanc nolum Adholmi sedi beat.*

'May he never go to heaven who shall steal this bell from the seat of the blessed Adhelm.' Notwithstanding this denunciation, however, it has with all its companions long since disappeared."

It is related that, in the year 1060, one Oliver, of Malsbury, a great mathematician and mechanic, took it into his head that he could fly, and having made himself wings, by way of experiment, made

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his first attempt from the top of this abbey; and, as it is said, did fly the distance of about a furlong, but then falling broke both his thighs and died shortly afterwards.

King Athelstan was, by his own desire, buried under the high altar of this church, where his monument may still be seen.

H. R. W.

SCRAPS RELATING TO LONDON IN EARLY DAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

ANCIENTLY London was governed by officers, yearly sent to it from Rome. It was destroyed by the Danes in 839, and repaired by Alfred, king of the West Saxons, in 886.—In 1253, the sheriffs of London were prisoners in the Tower for two months, owing to the escape of a prisoner from Newgate.—In 1260, king Henry III. with his queen, for fear of the barons, were lodged in the Tower, and the parliament was held there.—The first coining of gold in the Tower was in the reign of Edward III., 1344; in the same year the king ordained his exchange of money to be kept in Serns Tower, a part of the king's house in Bucklers-Bury.—In 1360, a French king was ransomed from the Tower.—In 1387, king Richard II. held his Christmas in the Tower, where in 1399 he was sent prisoner.—In 1428, Baynard's Castle was destroyed by fire, rebuilt by Humphry, duke of Gloucester.—Edward IV. took on him the crown in this castle, also Richard III.—Bridewell was built by Henry VIII. purposely to entertain the emperor Charles V., who in 1522 was in the City of London.—In Barbican formerly stood the Burkhenning or watch-tower for the City of London, from whence a man might behold (says Stowe) and view the whole city towards the south, and also into Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, and likewise every other way, east, north, or west.—Adel-street took its name from king Adelstane's house, which formerly stood there.—Thomas Becket was clerk to a sheriff of London, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, and chanceller of England.—The following is taken from William Fitzstephen's *Account of London*, which is said to be the earliest extant, and is to be seen in *Stowe's Survey*, published 1633. He says, "Neere to the houses of the suburbs, the citizens have gardens and orchards planted with trees, large, beautiful, and one joyning to another. On the north side are fields for pasture, and open meadows, very pleasant, into which the

river-waters doe flow, and mills are turned about with a delightful noise. Next lieth a great forest, in which are woody places, and beasts for game. In the covertis whereof doe lurk the stag, the bucke, the wild bore, and the bull. The arable lands are no hungry pieces of gravell ground, but like the rich fields of Asia, which bring plentiful corne, and fill the barnes of the owners with a dainty crop of the fruits of Ceres. There are on the north part of London principall fountains of waters, sweet, wholesome, and cleare, streaming forth among the glistening pebble-stones. In this number, Holywell, Clerken-well, and Saint Clement's-well, are of most note and frequented above the rest, when schollers and the youth of the city take the aire abroad in the summer evenings. Certainly the city is good, seeing it hath a good lord. The honour of this city consists in proper men, brave armour, and multitude of inhabitants. In the fatal warres under king Stephen, there went out to a muster, men fit for warre, esteemed to the number of 20,000 horsemen armed, and 60,000 footmen. The citizens of London are knowne in all places, and respected above all others, by their civill demeanour, their good apparell, their tables, and their discourse. The matrons here may be paralleled with the Sabine women."

P. T. W.

NORWEGIAN SONG.

(Paraphrased in Verse from the original Norwegian.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIELD FLOWERS," &c.

SHOULD I dwell on the cloud-crowned mountain,
Where the Laplander skates o'er the snow,
And, bright where upgushes the fountain,
With his rifle the rein-deer lays low;
I'll bring forth with my song's dulcet measure,
As the Ptarmigan flits o'er the heath,
From the depths of the rocks every treasure
Concealed in the fissures beneath.
With them I am rich and contented,
Pay every expense and buy wine;
Social souls are the firmest cemented,
Where on the free rock grows the pine.
Whilst the storm-waves of life, far below as they
swell,
Disturb not the cloud-crowned spot where I
dwell.

Should I dwell in the rich verdant valley,
Where the river meanders all free,
My saloons are each leaf-shaded alley,
Earth's gifts are sufficient for me—
Where the sheep and the lambskins are playing
Around me, in gay sportive mood,
Or where the dull oxen are straying,
And low as they crop their green food;

I laugh at the hostings of fashion,
 I pity the usurer's fate.
 And, guiltless of each troublous passion,
 Observe every fall of the great,
 In safety I sit on my sod of green grass,
 And empty to "Friendship" my goblet and glass,
 Should I live near the beach of the ocean,
 On a holm, where for ever the mew
 Lays her eggs, mid the billow's commotion,
 And the sea-birds the fishes pursue;
 If I get a good haul in due season,
 So as all but to swamp my full boat,
 I am happy and rich, and, with reason,
 Content, though 'tis but with a great.
 Let the miser be always complaining,
 Sufficient for me is one dish;
 My toast I'll be ever maintaining,
 "Long life and success to the fish!"
 I sang and I drank and I pledged my full glass.
 "Long flourish the fisheries!"—let the toast pass.
 Let's sing then, strand, valley, and mountain,
 Their fish, bread, and gold ore are mine;
 Let the fool go and drink of the fountain,
 But you fill up your glass with wine!
 No desert's our Norway at present,
 Joy, cherish'd of Nature, is there,
 We leave to the turban and crescent
 Thirst, peevishness, *cazul*, and care.
 Then here's to old Norway—may honour
 Still around her its radiance pour;
 Prosperity too be upon her,
 The mountain, the valley, the shore!
 And ever may all her prosperity prove,
 Who Norway and social hilarity love!

H. B.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXXIII.

THE GRUMBLING TRAVELLER.

COMFORT is a word peculiar to the English; but the English are the most uncomfortable beings on the face of the globe. They are most fastidious critics of enjoyment, and have the unenviable art of finding something to complain of in every place, and at all times.

I once had the happiness to take a journey with one who had this faculty quite to perfection. We made our arrangements to leave London in the Liverpool mail. It was the latter end of September, when the season had been one of the most beautiful I have remembered for many years. Before we started, we determined to dine at a coffee-house in the city: this was something new to me, and I rather expected to gratify my curiosity than enjoy much comfort. As we entered the room, and took our seats at a vacant box, I was just going to express my surprise at the neatness of the room, when my companion burst out in exclamations against the heat, and smell, and confined air; and asked the waiter if he had not a clean table-cloth in the house. With

the utmost civility, and most uncomplaining obsequiousness, the windows were opened, a clean cloth was spread upon the table: but the noise of the street was now so intolerable, we could not hear ourselves speak. The next object of annoyance was the spoons. "What, can't you trust your company with silver spoons?" "They are silver, sir." "Oh, I thought they were pewter."

A long bill of fare was produced, as long as an apothecary's bill—"Is this all you have?" Then my friend's ingenuity was exerted to recollect a dozen more dishes; some of which, unfortunately for his sagacity, happened to be out of season. After a great many hesitations and counter-orders, the dinner was settled; and my appetite was most pleasantly fading away by its influences, while my companion, who ate quite as heartily, as myself, was indulging himself, at the same time, in every possible variety of grumbling—the bread was dry—the salt was wet—the vinegar was thick—the mustard was thin.

"Now, waiter, let us have a bottle of your execrable port." Here was a fine opportunity of growling: all the commonplace complaints and criticisms of wine, were uttered with the volubility, that indicates, they have been learned by heart. The wine was changed—I could not tell the difference—it was still called wretched stuff—but the bottle was finished, and my friend would have had a second, had not I declared against it.

At half-past seven we walked to Lad-lane, and took our seats in the mail, after seeing our luggage safely stowed. But my fellow-traveller insisted upon having his portmanteau in the coach with him; and was even so polite, as to hope it would not be in anybody's way—"Oh, by no means." Delay, with these vehicles, is out of the question. Off we set—not a word spoken by any one. Grumbling first broke silence. "What disagreeable things are these mail coaches—there is no room to breathe in them." The window was let down. "Who would have expected such sultry hot weather, at the latter end of September?"

As we slowly ascended Highgate Hill (this was before the arch-way was made) the air began to grow somewhat cooler, and the wind blowing, or rather breathing, from the south-west, came full upon my companion's face; who sat, as all knowing travellers do, with his back to the horses. This fanned his indignation into another flame—he was sure of catching his death with cold. Then followed a long declamation on the variable climate of Great Britain. "It was won-

desful how people could live in such a sickle atmosphere." "I have lived in it seventy years," said an old gentleman on the opposite side, "and have enjoyed a tolerably good share of health."

The travelling cap was now substituted for the hat, which was suspended by two strings across the roof; and the company seemed disposed to sleep. The guard of a mail coach is a terrible enemy to sleep. We were now approaching the end of our first stage. The poor complainant was awakened by the long blast of the horn. More grumbling.—"What a bore it is to be annoyed by that booby's trumpeting." "It would be a much greater inconvenience," said the old gentleman, "to wait a quarter of an hour for fresh horses." "But the fellow need not make so much noise." "Perhaps he thinks otherwise, and it is not always easy to teach persons in office, to make the most discreet use of authority."

The next interruption was from the coachman—he came to take leave of the company. "What a scandalous imposition in this tax upon the passengers." The fee was given quite as liberally by my friend as by the rest of us, but he could not let slip an opportunity of complaining—he thought it a great shame that it was not put a stop to—they had better pay more for their fare, and be rid of this nuisance. "If that were done," said the old gentleman, "it would make the matter no better; passengers would soon undo the arrangement by their own liberality; and in the end, we should pay the proprietors more, and the coachmen no less."

It was really very impertinent thus to rob my friend of the comfort of grumbling. "What is the matter now—what is the coach stopping for?" "We are not stopping, we are only going over Woburn sands." "But why don't they mend the road?" "It is very difficult to make a good road over such a soil." "Then why don't they turn the road?" "Really I can't tell; but, we shall soon be over it, and after all, the inconvenience is much greater to the horses than it is to us."

At Northampton we stopped to breakfast: and there the old gentleman left us. He very politely wished us a good morning, and a comfortable journey. My companion was quite irritated at the word "comfortable;" he thought it looked like a sneer. "What a disagreeable old fool that is," said he; "I dare say he thinks himself very wise." "Perhaps," thought I, "he thinks you very foolish"—but I did not say so. Breakfast was soon dispatched.—No other fault was

found, than that the eggs were not brought soon enough, nor quite boiled enough, that the butter was very bad, and the bill very unreasonable, and the coachman very impatient.

Here we took in another passenger, who joined in concert with my agreeable fellow-traveller; but as the *Minion* disdains politics, I am under the necessity of suppressing a most interesting and instructive dialogue.

At Litchfield we dined. Here was no hesitation over a bill of fare, and scarcely time to find fault with the wine; but as the post was not quite made up, the guard informed us that we might sit another quarter of an hour. This was very refreshing to us all, but to the poor unfortunate, who said it was a conspiracy to entrap us into taking another bottle—which he protested he would not do—but changed his mind when the waiter brought it, at the beck of his political friend.

Thus it seems to be in the journey of life. They who have real evils and troubles, make it their business to smooth and alleviate them, and those who have none, as if to make the balance even, and prevent a spirit of envy in others, at their happy lot, do all in their power to magnify troubles, and make themselves most ingeniously wretched.

Retrospective Gleanings

HYMN.

Rise, oh, my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation see
Thy time, where Time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die!

And thou, my soul, inspir'd with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die:
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu! I direct my eyes,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees;

To thee myself, myself and all I give;
To thee I die, to thee I only live.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sights of London.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

SOON after the death of the late Mr. Angerstein, his executors had determined to dispose of his valuable collection of

pictures, and, happily for the arts of this country, our government saw the importance of the collection, and purchased it for the nation. Other pictures now enrich this splendid gallery, the well-chosen collection transmitted by the patriotic munificence of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. having been added, and some fine specimens, including *The Holy Family*, by Antonio Da Coreggio, and others recently purchased by his majesty's government. It would be impossible for us here to enter into a regular detail of all the pictures contained in this invaluable gallery, for our present purpose is merely to point out to our readers the claims it has upon their notice, and to assure them that it stands foremost in the ranks of the Sights of London. We know of nothing more delightful than to enter into a fine collection of pictures, and, as a contemporary has well-observed, to breathe the same air as Titian, Guido, Carlo Dolci; to look upon nature with the same eyes as Claude, Julio Romano, and Hobbins; to shake hands, as it were, with the master spirits of the olden time, and to allow the refreshing flood of by-gone ages to freshen, soften, and purify our hearts. In the lower room, to the left of our entrance, we have the whole of Hogarth's *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, and Wilkie's celebrated *Village Ale-house*—and in the two rooms above stairs we have subjects upon which the mind may meditate, and the eye gaze upon, with unceasing and untiring admiration. We have room for a little remark on a subject or so, and we give Mr. Otley's in preference to our own, for this gentleman, who is a perfect connoisseur, and has printed a very clever little work, called a *Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery*, with critical observations on their merits, furnishes us with all that we can possibly say upon the matter. We take No. 1. *The Portrait of Pope Julius II.* Raphaello Sansio di Urbino.

"The veteran pontiff is represented in a sitting posture, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and is seen, in a three-quarter point of view, to a little above the knees. His cap and short cloak are of crimson silk, edged with ermine, and his under garment is of white linen, plaited, with silken sleeves. He holds one of the arms of the chair with the left hand, whilst his right hand, which, from the perspective chosen by the artist, forms the most prominent object in the picture, hangs easily, advancing before, and hiding part of the body.

"The head is admirable. It is that of a hardy old man, accustomed to combat and to conquer difficulties; and the square

projecting forehead, strongly marked features, straight white beard, and eyes deeply seated in their sockets, indicate at once that keenness of penetration and firmness of purpose, which were among the leading traits in the character of Julius. He appears absorbed in thought, little mindful that he is sitting for his picture; and we may conjecture, from the expression of the countenance, that whilst Raphaello was employed in delineating his features, the enterprising spirit of the pontiff was meditating the subjection of new provinces to the See of Rome in distant parts of Italy."

No. 16. *A Sea Port.* Claudio Lorenese.—"This picture represents a Sea-Port view, a little before sunset in the autumn. On the right are some large vessels lying at anchor, and on the left are various magnificent buildings, on the façade of the most prominent of which the artist has introduced a clock, with the hand pointing to the hour of five; ingeniously denoting thereby the time he intended to represent. The orb of day appears near the horizon, surrounded by clouds, whose orange and inflamed hue, in addition to some darker clouds placed higher in the picture, seems to menace the approach of bad weather. In the offing is seen a watch-tower, or light-house, of great height, near which are moored a large vessel and two smaller ones. The appearance of the shadow cast by these upon the ruffled sea is infinitely expressed, as is also the reflection of the sun upon the waves; immediately below which luminous part Claudio has introduced a small boat with two rowers, the dark tint whereof, contrasting with the brilliant focus of light above it, gives a zest to this part of the picture, and greatly increases its beauty.

"The figures in the foreground and elsewhere are judiciously disposed, and employed in occupations proper to the scene. Some appear giving directions; whilst others are seen dragging their nets to land, or carefully mooring their boats, in order to preserve them from the effects of the approaching gale. This picture is said to have been painted for the King of France, whose arms the artist has inserted in a shield over the clock before mentioned. Upon a stone on the left is inscribed 'Claudio inv. Roma, 1644.'"

It is likely that the National Gallery will be transferred from Pall-Mall to the mansion erected for his late Royal Highness the Duke of York. We shall rejoice in the arrangement, and should the more rejoice were our noblemen, as suggested by a respected correspondent of ours, to present the nation with only one

his first attempt from the top of this abbey, and, as it is said, did fly the distance of about a furlong, but then falling broke both his thighs and died shortly afterwards.

King Athelstan was, by his own desire, buried under the high altar of this church, where his monument may still be seen.

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river-waters doe flow, and mills are turned about with a delightful noise. Next lieth a great forest, in which are woody places, and beasts for game. In the covert whereof doe lurk the stag, the bucke, the wild bore, and the bull. The arable lands are no hungry pieces of gravell ground, but like the rich fields of Asia, which bring plentiful corne, and fill the barnes of the owners with a dainty crop of the fruits of Ceres. There are on the north part of Lothlioh principall fountains of waters, sweet, wholesome, and cleare, streaming furth among the glittering pebble-stones. In this number, Holywell, Clerken-well, and Saint Clement's well, are of most note and frequented above the rest, when schollers and the youth of the city take the aire abroad in the summer evenings. Certainly the city is good, seeing it hath a good lord. The honour of this city consists in proper men, brave armour, and multitude of inhabitants. In the fatal warres under king Stephen, there went out to a muster, men fit for warre, esteemed to the number of 20,000 horsemen armed, and 60,000 footmen. The citizens of London are knowne in all places, and respected above all others, by their civill demeanour, their good apparell, their tables, and their discourse. The matrons here may be paralleled with the Sabine women."

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Where the Laplander skates o'er the snow,
And, bright where upgushes the fountain,
With his ride the rein-deer lays low;
I'll bring forth with my song's dulcet measure,
As the Ptarmigan flits o'er the heath,
From the depths of the rocks every treasure
Concealed in the fissures beneath.
With them I am rich and contented,
Pay every expense and buy wine;
Social souls are the firmest cemented,
Where on the free rock grows the pine.
Whilst the storm-waves o' life, far below as they
swell,
Disturb not the cloud-crowned spot where I
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Should I dwell in the rich verdant valley,
Where the river meanders all free,
My saloons are each leaf-shaded alley,
Earth's gifts are sufficient for me—
Where the sheep and the lamkins are playing
Around me, in gay sportive mood,
Or where the dull oxen are straying,
And low as they crop their green food;

I laugh at the boastings of fashion,
 I pity the usurer's fate,
 And, guiltless of each troublesome passion,
 Observe every fall of the great.
 In safety I sit on my sod of green grass,
 And empty to "Friendship" my goblet and glass.

Should I live near the beach of the ocean,
 On a holm, where for ever the mow
 Lays her eggs, mid the billow's commotion,
 And the sea-birds the fishes pursue;
 If I get a good haul in due season,
 So as all but to swamp my full bunt,
 I am happy and rich, and, with reason,
 Content, though 'tis but with a groat.
 Let the miser be always complaining,
 Sufficient for me is one dish;
 My toast I'll be ever maintaining,
 "Long life and success to the fish!"
 I sang and I drank and I pledged my full glass,
 "Long flourish the fisheries!"—let the toast pass.

Let's sing then, strain it, valley, and mountain,
 Their fish, bread, and gold ore are mine;
 Let the fool go and drink of the fountain,
 But you fill up your glass with wine!
 No desert's our Norway at present,
 Joy, cherish'd of Nature, is there,
 We leave to the turban and crescent
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 Then here's to old Norway—may honour
 Still around her its radiance pour;
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derful how people could live in such a fickle atmosphere." "I have lived in it seventy years," said an old gentleman on the opposite side, "and have enjoyed a tolerably good share of health."

The travelling cap was now substituted for the hat, which was suspended by two strings across the roof; and the company seemed disposed to sleep. The guard of a mail coach is a terrible enemy to sleep. We were now approaching the end of our first stage. The poor complainant was awakened by the long blast of the horn. More grumbling.—"What a bore it is to be annoyed by that booby's trumpeting." "It would be a much greater inconvenience," said the old gentleman, "to wait a quarter of an hour for fresh horses." "But the fellow need not make so much noise." "Perhaps he thinks otherwise, and it is not always easy to teach persons in office, to make the most discreet use of authority."

The next interruption was from the coachman—he came to take leave of the company. "What a scandalous imposition in this tax upon the passengers." The fee was given quite as liberally by my friend as by the rest of us, but he could not let slip an opportunity of complaining—he thought it a great shame that it was not put a stop to—they had better pay more for their fare, and be rid of this nuisance. "If that were done," said the old gentleman, "it would make the matter no better; passengers would soon undo the arrangement by their own liberality; and in the end, we should pay the proprietors more, and the coachmen no less."

It was really very impertinent thus to rob my friend of the comfort of grumbling. "What is the matter now—what is the coach stopping for?" "We are not stopping, we are only going over Woburn sands." "But why don't they mend the road?"—"It is very difficult to make a good road over such a soil." "Then why don't they turn the road?" "Really I can't tell; but, we shall soon be over it, and after all, the inconvenience is much greater to the horses than it is to us."

At Northampton we stopped to breakfast: and there the old gentleman left us. He very politely wished us a good morning, and a comfortable journey. My companion was quite irritated at the word "comfortable;" he thought it looked like a sneer. "What a disagreeable old fool that is," said he; "I dare say he thinks himself very wise." "Perhaps," thought I, "he thinks you very foolish"—but I did not say so. Breakfast was soon dispatched.—No other fault was

found, than that the eggs were not brought soon enough, nor quite boiled enough, that the butter was very bad, and the bill very unreasonable, and the coachman very impatient.

Here we took in another passenger, who joined in concert with my agreeable fellow-traveller; but as the MIRROR disdains politics, I am under the necessity of suppressing a most interesting and instructive dialogue.

At Litchfield we dined. Here was no hesitation over a bill of fare, and scarcely time to find fault with the wine; but as the post was not quite made up, the guard informed us that we might sit another quarter of an hour. This was very refreshing to us all, but to the poor unfortunate, who said it was a conspiracy to entrap us into taking another bottle—which he protested he would not do—but changed his mind when the waiter brought it, at the beck of his political friend.

Thus it seems to be in the journey of life. They who have real evils and troubles, make it their business to smooth and alleviate them, and those who have none, as if to make the balance even, and prevent a spirit of envy in others, at their happy lot, do all in their power to magnify troubles, and make themselves most ingeniously wretched.

Retrospective Cleanings

HYMN.

Rise, oh, my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where Time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts
abuse;
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die!
And thou, my soul, inspir'd with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.
To thee, O Jesu! I direct my eyes,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only
sees;
To thee myself, myself and all I give;
To thee I die, to thee I only live.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sights of London.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

SOON after the death of the late Mr. Angerstein, his executors had determined to dispose of his valuable collection of

pictures, and, happily for the arts of this country, our government saw the importance of the collection, and purchased it for the nation. Other pictures now enrich this splendid gallery, the well-chosen collection transmitted by the patriotic munificence of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. having been added, and some fine specimens, including *The Holy Family*, by Antonio Da Coreggio, and others recently purchased by his majesty's government. It would be impossible for us here to enter into a regular detail of all the pictures contained in this invaluable gallery, for our present purpose is merely to point out to our readers the claims it has upon their notice, and to assure them that it stands foremost in the ranks of the Sights of London. We know of nothing more delightful than to enter into a fine collection of pictures, and, as a contemporary has well observed, to breathe the same air as Titian, Guido, Carlo Dolci; to look upon nature with the same eyes as Claude, Julio Romano, and Hobbima; to shake hands, as it were, with the master spirits of the olden time, and to allow the refreshing flood of by-gone ages to freshen, soften, and purify our hearts. In the lower room, to the left of our entrance, we have the whole of Hogarth's *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, and Wilkie's celebrated *Village Ale-house*—and in the two rooms above stairs we have subjects upon which the mind may meditate, and the eye gaze upon, with unceasing and untiring admiration. We have room for a little remark on a subject or so, and we give Mr. Otley's in preference to our own, for this gentleman, who is a perfect connoisseur, and has printed a very clever little work, called a *Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery*, with critical observations on their merits, furnishes us with all that we can possibly say upon the matter. We take No. 1. *The Portrait of Pope Julius II.* Raffaello Sanzio di Urbino.

"The veteran pontiff is represented in a sitting posture, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and is seen, in a three-quarter point of view, to a little above the knees. His cap and short cloak are of crimson silk, edged with ermine, and his under garment is of white linen, plaited, with silken sleeves. He holds one of the arms of the chair with the left hand, whilst his right hand, which, from the perspective chosen by the artist, forms the most prominent object in the picture, hangs easily, advancing before, and hiding part of the body.

"The head is admirable. It is that of a hardy old man, accustomed to combat and to conquer difficulties; and the square

projecting forehead, strongly marked features, straight white beard, and eyes deeply seated in their sockets, indicate at once that keenness of penetration and firmness of purpose, which were among the leading traits in the character of Julius. He appears absorbed in thought, little mindful that he is sitting for his picture; and we may conjecture, from the expression of the countenance, that whilst Raffaello was employed in delineating his features, the enterprising spirit of the pontiff was meditating the subjection of new provinces to the See of Rome in distant parts of Italy."

No. 16. *A Sea Port.* Claudio Lorenesse.—"This picture represents a Sea-Port view, a little before sunset in the autumn. On the right are some large vessels lying at anchor, and on the left are various magnificent buildings, on the façade of the most prominent of which the artist has introduced a clock, with the hand pointing to the hour of five, ingeniously denoting thereby the time he intended to represent. The orb of day appears near the horizon, surrounded by clouds, whose orange and inflamed hue, in addition to some darker clouds placed higher in the picture, seems to menace the approach of bad weather. In the offing is seen a watch-tower, or light-house, of great height, near which are moored a large vessel and two smaller ones. The appearance of the shadow cast by these upon the ruffled sea is inimitably expressed, as is also the reflection of the sun upon the waves; immediately below which luminous part Claudio has introduced a small boat with two rowers, the dark tint whereof, contrasting with the brilliant focus of light above it, gives a zest to this part of the picture, and greatly increases its beauty.

"The figures in the foreground and elsewhere are judiciously disposed, and employed in occupations proper to the scene. Some appear giving directions; whilst others are seen dragging their nets to land, or carefully mooring their boats, in order to preserve them from the effects of the approaching gale. This picture is said to have been painted for the King of France, whose arms the artist has inserted in a shield over the clock before mentioned. Upon a stone on the left is inscribed 'Claudio inv. Roma, 1644.'"

It is likely that the National Gallery will be transferred from Pall-Mall to the mansion erected for his late Royal Highness the Duke of York. We shall rejoice in the arrangement, and should the more rejoice were our noblemen, as suggested by a respected correspondent of ours, to present the nation with only one

picture each from their extensive and splendid collections of the works of our best masters.

Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,
Anecdote and joke :
Our recollections ;
With gravities for graver folk.

INCLEDON.

I OBSERVE, in the Gentleman's Magazine, a biography of Incledon. Incledon was the melodist of nature, not of art. He had the most powerful as well as the sweetest voice of his time. Incledon was a coarse man, never having shaken off the vulgarity of his early life and habits. There is too often a tendency, arising from obliquity of mind, in those who put together the biography of remarkable men, to conceal humbleness of birth, and to disguise the truth respecting them if they have sprung from low parentage, or were born in humble circumstances: as if being come of wealthy or high-born parents contributed to genius, or that genius gained a ray of lustre from their advantages. This feeling prevails in England more than in any other country. We should, indeed, diminish the roll of immortal names, to which England owes so much, if we deprived it of those who were neither wealthily born, nor ranked in the circumstance of birth beyond the middling class. Away, then, with such pitiful concealings of the truth. Incledon is in some accounts stated to have been the son of a respectable medical man in Cornwall: the truth is, his father was a poor village apothecary, who literally wandered through the country, almost a beggar. I knew those who had known him well: his widow he left in great poverty. She was rather a superior woman in appearance, but addicted in her latter years to drinking. She died somewhere about the year 1808; and her son, to his honour, always allowed her a sum of money annually for her maintenance, which was paid her by little and little at a time, to prevent her from squandering it. She was buried at Kenwyn by Chasewater; in which parish she had lived many years. I think, but am not certain, that Incledon was born at Helston. He went into the west, soon after his mother's decease, on a professional tour, and, journeying into Cornwall, visited with a feeling, which did honour to his heart, her humble grave. Coarse as Incledon was in manners and in general

conduct, his heart was kind, and the scene of this visit was related to me as a strange mixture of the pathetic and ludicrous. After standing a few minutes by the grave, to which he had walked as if he were going to play Captain Macheath, telling blustering stories, mingled up with a seasoning of oaths and jests; he burst into tears, literally blubbering like a great boy about his "dear mother." He remained a few minutes silent. Then walking away as if he had been viewing something quite indifferent to him, he recovered his former spirits in an instant; and he expressed his fears that he should be too late for the dinner-hour, to the convivialities of which he was a well-known devotee. I once agreed with a few friends to give Incledon a dinner. Our motive was to get some sea-songs from him, which no one ever sang in so noble and inspiring a style, nor will ever so sing them again. After dosing him with champagne he began; and whether it was with excitation of the wine, or real power on his part, or youthful spirits on mine, I know not, but I never felt the effect of any singing so powerfully. His "Storm" still thrills in my ears. He drank a double quantity of wine, and the scene closed, after my asking him to give "Total Eclipse" from Samson Agonistes, by his getting only half through it, becoming *hors de combat*, with the words "total eclipse—ipse-ipse" on his tongue.

I have heard that this vocalist being in Wales, and having to sing before a country audience, was accompanied by a Welsh harper, who, whatever proficiency he might boast in playing the national airs of the sons of St. David, was unequal to the task of keeping time with Incledon. The singer and the instrument started together, but very quickly separated; it became the race of the hair and tortoise. In vain Incledon began again, or paused to make matters even. The harper was imperturbably obstinate in his jog-trot time—a very German postilion. At last the singer could bear it no longer, and in a paroxysm of anger, more violent for his preceding attempts to suppress it, he in his coarse language addressed the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry—I have endeavoured to do my best,—I cannot go on for this d— King David's harp of your's." This profane mode of introducing an Old Testament name was nothing to the contempt it implied for the patron saint of Wales and his instrument, which was all Incledon meant to express; unluckily, or perhaps luckily for himself, introducing "king" for "saint."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

DUKE OF YORK.

NEARLY twenty years ago General England, now deceased, was commander of the garrison of Plymouth. He was a very tall man, and proportionably broad, with no little abdominal protuberance; in short, one of the largest of the male species. I was told by his Aide-de-Camp, that on his introduction to the Duke of York being over, (on his return from some command abroad,) as soon as he turned his back and was out of hearing, his Royal Highness said in a low tone to an officer near him,—“*England! Great Britain, by G—!*” *Ibid.*

WAVERLEY.

It is a curious, yet well authenticated fact, that the novel of *Waverley*—the first, and perhaps the best, of the prose writings of Sir Walter Scott—remained for more than ten years unpublished. So far back as 1805, the late talented Mr. John Ballantyne announced *Waverley*, as a work preparing for publication, but the announce excited so little attention, that the design was laid aside for reasons which every reader will guess. In those days of peace and innocence, the spirit of literary speculation had scarcely begun to dawn in Scotland; the public taste ran chiefly on poetry; and even if gifted men had arisen capable of treading in the footsteps of Fielding, but with a name and reputation unestablished, they must have gone to London to find a publisher. The “magician” himself, with all his powers, appears to have been by no means over sanguine, as to the ultimate success of a tale, which has made millions laugh, and as many weep; and in autumn he had very nearly delivered a portion of the MSS. to a party of sportsmen, who visited him in the country, and were complaining of a perfect famine of wadding.

A GLORIOUS BULL.

THE following is related in *Nugæ Canora*; or, *Epitaphian Mementos of the Medici Family of Modern Times*, in a sketch of Dr. Sims, “of a countryman of his, who said with great *naivete*, ‘My dear doctor, it is of no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach either time.’”

A BIT OF ADVICE.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness; and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow. The blood of a lively man is clear

and quick. Endeavour, therefore, to put your blood in motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood languid by overexciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.—*The Indicator.*

SECURING A PLACE BY THE NIGHT COACH.

WELL Jack! having bid good-bye to you all, and slept one of Nancy's small tortoiseshell combs, and sweet little artificial ringlets, into my bosom, I hurried off to the Swan with Two Necks, my valise under my arm, to secure a place, inside, for the night. I wanted to know what the fare was by the hour, as that appeared to me the most correct way of doing the thing, but the clerks would not listen to any such proposal; and when I inquired how we were to settle, whenever I might detain the coach for an *extra* half-hour or so, they smiled, and told me that I should *post* it. I answered them sharply, that it was their business to *post* it, as they were paid for *posting* their master's accounts.—*A Cockney's Journey to Ireland. London Magazine.*

MAXIMS TO LIVE BY.

THE only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is, the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness and aggrandizement; the more especially when fortune has raised them a degree or two above our own level.—*Literary Magnet.*

PHILOSOPHY, like medicine, has abundance of drugs,—few good remedies, and scarcely any specifics.—*Ibid.*

SONG.

SWEET is the calm sequester'd cell,
Sweet is the daisy-spangled dell,
And sweet the breath of early day,
When zephyrs with young sunbeams play;
But, dearest, these are all forgot,
And fail to charm where thou art not!

I love the brilliant courtly scene,
I love the grove's delightful green,
The fountain and the bright cascade,
The rose-wreath'd bower and grotto shade;
But palace, fountain, grove, or groat,
Can never charm where thou art not!

St. Paul's School.



THIS school was founded by Dr. John Colet, dean of St. Paul's, in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. It appears that the building of the school at the east end of St. Paul's church-yard, was begun in 1508 and finished in 1512; that in 1511, the dean applied to the crown for license to convey lands in Buckinghamshire, consisting of divers manors, messuages, and rents, in trust, to the wardens and commonalty of the Mercers' Company, for the support of the said school for the instructing of boys "in good manners and literature," and for maintaining one master and one or two ushers, according to the ordinances of the dean, hereafter to be made.

The rent of the lands conveyed by this grant may be considered as the original endowment of the school, and constituted its only revenue for several years. Subsequent benefactions were however added by dean Colet to the foundation; and in addition to this munificent revenue from the endowment of the dean, the school enjoys a valuable benefaction for the establishment of exhibitions at the University of Cambridge, under the will of viscount Campden, who devised for this purpose a moiety of the tithes of several parishes in Northumberland.

For the information contained in the following remarks, we are indebted to a clever compilation, entitled *Public Charities*. It is stated that by the statistics of the school, drawn up by the founder, it is directed that there shall be taught in the school, children of all nations and countries indifferently, to the number of 153; that, at the time of their admission, they shall be able to say their catechism, and to read and write competently, and that they shall be taught

good literature, both Latin and Greek. No mode of admission is prescribed, nor is anything said of the class of persons, whether rich or poor, from whom the scholars are to be selected. There are grounds of inference that the founder contemplated both. On the one hand, it is provided the children shall not use tallow candles in the school, but only wax candles, at the cost of their friends, which seems little compatible with the circumstances of poor children. On the other hand, it is directed, that each child, on admission, shall pay, once for ever, four-pence for entering his name, which sums the poor scholar shall have that sweeps the school; and other offices are directed to be done by a poor child of the school. The mode of education is the same as that of other grammar-schools expressed to be for poor children.

The high-master is to be chosen by the Mercers' Company; and he is to be a man "hoole in bodie" and "lerner in good and cleane Latin literature, and also in Greke," to have his lodgings free, in the school-house, and to receive, for his wages, a mark a week, and a livery-gown of four nobles, "delivered in clothe;" the sur-master to be appointed by the high-master, and approved by the company, and to receive for his wages 6s. 8d. a week, with a livery-gown of four nobles; the chaplain is to have, for wages, £8. a year, and a livery-gown of 26s. 8d.

The company have full power to add to or diminish the statutes of the founder.

The management of the school estate, and of the immediate concerns of the school, is vested in two officers, elected every year, from the members of the company, called the surveyor-accountant

and the assistant-surveyor. The master of the company for the year is uniformly appointed surveyor-accountant, and the master of the company next in succession to the mastership, assistant-surveyor.

The number of scholars continues limited to 153. New scholars, as vacancies occur, are appointed by the surveyor-accountant for the year. (On their admission they pay a shilling to the porter, which is the only charge they are put to, except for books and wax tapers; but the last, from the hours of attendance, are rarely required.

The education is entirely classical, similar in system to that of other large public schools. Once in the year there is a general examination of the scholars, called the "Apposition," which lasts three or four days; after which rewards are given, and the distribution of exhibitions to the university determined.

In addition to the nine Campden exhibitions of £100. each, the company have appropriated £450. of the revenues of the school to the establishment of nine other exhibitions of £50. each, which latter are open to any college in either university.

The education of the school is now carried on by four masters—the high-master, sur-master, usher, and the assistant-master. The salary of the high-master is £600.; the sur-master £300.; the usher £220.; the assistant £200.; with sundry gratuities and allowances, for house-rent, gown, &c.; making the total amount of the salaries and emoluments of the masters, £1,513. 13s. 4d. per annum.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

VERNAL STANZAS.

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. MILTON.

Balmour shone the sun, blue was the day,
The noonday air was very clear;
The Highland mountains round our bay,
And all far things seem'd near:

I rested on a primrose bank,
An April softness bath'd the breeze,
As 'twere new life my spirit drank
From out the budding trees.

The sportive sea gull voyaged by,
Turning his white sails to the sun;
The little birds sang merrily
That Spring was now begun:
The snow-drops all had ta'en farewell,
But yet some crocus-flowers were bright;
The hyacinths, to nurse its bell,
Drank in the purple light.

Methought to childhood's bloomy track
Life's vagrant footsteps were restored;
And blessings manifold came back.

Long lost, and deep deplored:
The perish'd and the past arose;—
I saw the sunny tresses wave,
And heard the silver tongues of those
Cold, cold within the grave!

But yet for them no grief awoke,—
They seem'd a part of Nature still:
Smell the young flowers, gazed from the rock,
And listen'd to the rill:—
All was so silent, so serene,
So sweetly calm, so gently gay,
Methought e'en Death, no ill had been
On that pure vernal day.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DELTA.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

GENERAL ANECDOTES.—SHEEP.

THE sheep has scarcely any marked character, save that of natural affection, of which it possesses a very great share. It is otherwise a stupid, indifferent animal, having few wants, and fewer expedients. The old black-faced, or forest breed, have far more powerful capabilities than any of the finer breeds that have been introduced into Scotland, and therefore the few anecdotes that I have to relate, shall be confined to them.

The most singular one that I know of, to be quite well authenticated, is that of a black ewe, that returned with her lamb from the head of Glen-Lyon, to the farm of Harehope, in Tweeddale, and accomplished the journey in nine days. She was soon missed by her owner, and a shepherd followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned, and gave her up. He got intelligence of her all the way, and every one told him that she absolutely persisted in travelling on—She would not be turned, regarding neither sheep nor shepherd by the way. Her lamb was often far behind, and she had constantly to urge it on, by impatient bleating. She unluckily came to Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, about the end of May, and judging it imprudent to adventure through the crowd with her lamb, she halted on the north side of the town the whole day, where she was seen by hundreds lying close by the road side. But next morning, when all grew quiet, a little after the break of day, she was observed stealing quietly through the town, in apparent terror of the dogs that were prowling about the street. The last time she was seen on the road, was at a toll-bar near St. Ninian's; the man stopped her, thinking she was a strayed animal, and that some one would claim her. She tried several

times to break through per force when he opened the gate, but he always prevented her, and at length she turned patiently again. She had found some means of eluding him, however, for home she came on a Sabbath morning, the 4th of June; and she left the farm of Lochs, in Glen-Lyon, either on the Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning, the week previous but one. The farmer of Harehope paid the Highland farmer the price of her, and she lived on her native farm till she died of old age, in her seventeenth year.

I have heard of sheep returning from Yorkshire to the Highlands; but then I always suspected that they might have been lost by the way. But this is certain, that when once one, or a few sheep, get away from the rest of their acquaintances, they return homeward with great eagerness and perseverance. I have lived beside a drove-road the better part of my life, and many stragglers have I seen bending their steps northward in the spring of the year. A shepherd rarely sees these journeyers twice; if he sees them, and stops them in the morning, they are gone long before night; and if he sees them at night they will be gone many miles before morning. This strong attachment to the place of their nativity is much more predominant in our aboriginal breed, than in any of the other kinds with which I am acquainted.

There is another peculiarity in their nature, of which I have witnessed innumerable instances. I shall only relate one, for they are all alike, and show how much the sheep is a creature of habit.

A shepherd in Blackhouse bought a few sheep from another in Crawmel, about ten miles distant. In the spring following, one of the ewes went back to her native place, and yeanned on a wild hill called Crawmel Craig. On a certain day, about the beginning of July following, the shepherd went and brought home his ewe and lamb—took the fleece from the ewe, and kept the lamb for one of his stock. The lamb lived and thrived, became a hog and a gimmer, and never offered to leave home; but when three years of age, and about to have her first lamb, she vanished; and the morning after, the Crawmel shepherd, in going his rounds, found her with a new-yeanned lamb on the very gair of the Crawmel Craig, where she was lambed herself. She remained there till the first week of July, the time when she was brought a lamb herself, and then she came home with hers of her own accord; and this custom she continued annually with the greatest punctuality as long as she lived.

At length her lambs, when they came of age, began the same practice, and the shepherd was obliged to dispose of the whole breed.

But with regard to their natural affection, the instances that might be mentioned are without number, stupid and actionless creatures as they are. When one loses its sight in a flock of short sheep, it is rarely abandoned to itself in that hapless and helpless state. Some one always attaches itself to it, and by bleating calls it back from the precipice, the lake, the pool, and all dangers whatever. There is a disease among sheep, called by shepherds the Breakhugh, a sort of deadly dysentery, which is as infectious as fire in a flock. Whenever a sheep feels itself seized by this, it instantly absents itself from all the rest, shunning their society with the greatest care; it even hides itself, and is often very hard to be found. Though this propensity can hardly be attributed to natural instinct, it is, at all events, a provision of nature of the greatest kindness and beneficence.

There is another manifest provision of nature with regard to these animals, which is, that the more inhospitable the land is on which they feed, the greater their kindness and attention to their young. I once herded two years on a wild and bare farm called Willenalee, on the border of Mid-Lothian, and of all the sheep I ever saw, these were the kindest and most affectionate to their young. I was often deeply affected at scenes which I witnessed there. We had one very hard winter, so that our sheep grew lean in the spring, and the thwarter-ill (a sort of paralytic affection) came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen these poor victims, when fallen down to rise no more, even when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the udder still could supply. I had never seen aught more painfully affecting.

It is well known that it is a custom with shepherds, when a lamb dies, if the mother have sufficiency of milk, to bring her in and put another lamb to her. I have described the process somewhere else;—it is done by putting the skin of the dead lamb upon the living one; the ewe immediately acknowledges the relationship, and after the skin has warmed on it, so as to give it something of the smell of her own progeny, and it has sucked her two or three times, she accepts and nourishes it as her own ever after. Whether it is from joy at this apparent reanimation of her young one, or

a little doubt remaining on her mind that she would fain dispel, I cannot decide; but, for a number of days, she shows far more fondness, more bleating, and care-sling, over this one, than she did formerly over the one that was really her own.

But this is not what I wanted to explain; it was, that such sheep as thus lose their lambs, must be driven to a house with dogs, so that the lamb may be put to them; for they will only take it in a dark confined place. But here, in Willenslee, I never needed to drive home a sheep by force, with dogs, or in any other way than the following:—I found every ewe, of course, standing hanging her head over her dead lamb, and having a piece of twine with me for the purpose. I tied that to the lamb's neck, or foot, and trailing it along, the ewe followed me into any house or fold that I chose to lead her. Any of them would have followed me in that way for miles, with her nose close on the lamb, which she never quitted for a moment, except to chase the dog, which she would not suffer to walk near me. I often, out of curiosity, led them in to the side of the kitchen fire by this means, into the midst of servants and dogs; but the more that dangers multiplied around the ewe, she clung the closer to her dead offspring, and thought of nothing but protecting it.

The same year there was a severe blast of snow came on by night, about the latter end of April, which destroyed several scores of our lambs; and as we had not snow of twins and odd lambs for the mothers that had lost theirs, of course we selected the best ewes, and put lambs to them. As we were making the distribution, I requested of my master to spare me a lamb for a hawk ewe which he knew, and which was standing over a dead lamb in the head of the hope, about four miles from the house. He would not do it, but bid me let her stand over her lamb for a day or two, and perhaps a twin would be forthcoming. I did so, and truly she did stand to her charge; so truly, that I think the like never was equalled by any of the woolly race. I visited her every morning and evening, and for the first eight days never caught her above two or three yards from the lamb; and always, as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept tramping with her foot, and whistling through her nose, to fright away the dog. He got a regular chase twice a day as I passed by, but however excited and fierce a ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to mankind, being perfectly and meekly passive to them. The weather grew fine and warm, and the dead

lamb soon decayed, which the body of a dead lamb does particularly soon; but still this affectionate and desolate creature kept hanging over the poor remains with an affection that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew the tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mixed with a small portion of wool. For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats each time; till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil.—*Ibid.*

SONG.

From the Italian.

"Oh! who art thou of pensive beauty,
Whose looks so soft, so sad appear,
All court thee with assiduous duty,
And yet all greet thee with a tear?"—
—"I sing in low and plaintive measure
Of joys and sorrows long past by,
And young and old with weeping pleasure
Dwell on the strains of Memory!"

"Oh! who art thou of youthful brightness,
With airy step and locks of gold,
The heart to meet thee bounds in lightness,
The eyes with smiles thy form behold?"—
—"I strive to gild this world of sadness,
And change it to a sunny slope;
All love my song and tale of gladness,
And call me by the name of Hope!"

New Monthly Magazine.

THE CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE'S worst characters have some claim upon our kindly feelings. Genius is the power of reflecting nature; for genius, as the word imports, is nature. The mind of Shakspeare was as a magic mirror, in which all human nature's possible forms and combinations were present, intuitively and inherently—not conceived, but as connatural portions of his own humanity. Whatever his characters were besides, they were always men. Such they were in the world of his imagination—such they are also in the world of reality. It is this harmony and correspondence between the world without and the world within, that gives the charm to his productions. His characters are not the mere abstractions of intellect from an understood class or species, but are generated in his own mind, as individuals having personal being there, and are distinctly brought out, not so much as representatives of character in actual nature, as the original productions of a plastic genius, which is also nature,

and works like her. This is to be a poet—this is what is meant by a creative imagination.—*Quarterly Review.*

IMPROMPTU.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LAMB TO MISS PRIEST.

In times remote, when heathens sway'd,
A sacrifice was often made,
Their deities to quiet;
And by the priest the lamb was led
Unto the altar, where he bled,
But not without some riot.

Mark how reverse the blissful scene,
No heathen rites now intervene,
To bid the timid falter;
For, lo! the Priest—how strange to say—
Is by the Lamb now led away,
Quite willing, to the altar!

National Magazine.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

SUBTERRANEAN LAKE.

BEFORE they (a party of missionaries) returned, they explored a celebrated cavern in the vicinity, called Kaniakea, (in Kairua, one of the Sandwich islands.) After entering it by a small aperture, they passed on in a direction nearly parallel with the surface; sometimes along a spacious arched way, not less than twenty-five feet high and twenty wide; at other times by a passage so narrow, that they could with difficulty press through—till they had proceeded about 1,200 feet; here their progress was arrested by a pool of water, wide, deep, and as salt as that found in the hollows of the lava within a few yards of the sea. More than thirty natives, most of them carrying torches, accompanied them in their descent; and on arriving at the water simultaneously plunged in, extending their torches with one hand, and swimming about with the other. The partially-illuminated heads of the natives, splashing about in this subterranean lake; the reflection of the torch-light on its agitated surface; the frowning sides and lofty arch of the black vault, hung with lava, that had cooled in every imaginable shape; the deep gloom of the cavern beyond the water; the hollow sound of their footsteps; and the varied reverberations of their voices, produced a singular effect; and it would have required but little aid from the fancy to have imagined a resemblance between this scene and the fabled Stygian lake of the poets. The mouth of the lake is about half a mile from the sea, and the

perpendicular depth to the water probably not less than fifty or sixty feet. The pool is occasionally visited by the natives for the purpose of bathing, as its water is cool and refreshing. From its ebbing and flowing with the tide, it has probably a direct communication with the sea.—*Ellis's Tour in the Sandwich Islands.*

A LION HUNT.

MR. S. had chased in the direction of the mimosas, trenching on the ground which our comrades were to take. He was getting closer to his object, and was about to dismount a second time, when his eyes glanced on the long-wished-for game,—an enormous lion! He was walking majestically slow,—but when Mr. S. gave the tallyho to us, he couched, and seemed inclined to wait, but soon afterwards cantered off to the mimosas.

In a few seconds we were all up, at least our division.—The first object was to prevent him from climbing the mountain, we therefore rode through the mimosas, about three hundred yards from where he had entered, and got between him and the heights. Diederik Muller and Mr. S. with their servants and led horses, then rode round the little grove, whilst we were stationed where we first entered. The grove was hardly five hundred yards in length, and twenty in breadth, consequently we could by this arrangement command the whole of it.

The other part of our division having rode round the grove, came up opposite to us, but at a distance, and as we saw them dismount we did the same. Our situation was not very enviable; we had but one large gun, but Mr. Rennie, who carried it, was perfectly collected. We were talking to each other rather in a whisper, when Mr. Rennie very coolly said, "Listen, the gentleman is grumbling."—The sound was so very like distant thunder, that we doubted it, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of the lion walking away not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and he must have been previously still nearer to us than we had calculated. I gave the alarm, which was echoed to our friends, who in an instant mounted and rode up to the lower end, calling upon us to advance. We were moving down to gain a position on a little height, when a gun was fired, followed by four more. This convinced us our other division had joined.

We thought there would have been an end to our sport before it had well begun; but on the contrary, the shots were fired not only to prevent him leaving the cove, but to prove their guns, for a miss fire is

frequently of consequence. The last shot had the effect of turning him, and we had now a full view of him returning to the centre, whisking his tail about, and treading among the smaller bushes as if they had been grass, reminding us most forcibly of the paintings we had seen of this majestic animal.

The last shot however had convinced us that our position was not safe, for the ball passed very near us. We called to inform the party of this, and they resolved on another plan of attack. They desired us to station two Hottentots on a hill above our position, and we were to join them. We crossed again through the bush, and it was then determined that we were all to dismount, and tie our horses together, and then to advance on foot.

This is the usual plan, and it is done to secure any person from galloping off by his horse taking fright or otherwise, which would induce the lion to pursue, and thus one or other might be sacrificed.

We had hardly begun to tie our horses, when the Hottentots stationed on the hill, cried out that the lion was running off at the lower end, where he had attempted to escape before. We were on horseback in a second, but the lion had got a-head; we had him, however in full view, as there was nothing to intercept it. Off he scampered.—The Tambookies who had just come up, and mixed among us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking,—we hallooing,—the lion still in full view, making for a small copse, about a mile distant,—and the number and variety of the antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed one of the most animated spectacles the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik and Mr. S. being on very spirited horses, were the foremost, and we wondered to see them pass on in a direction different from the copse where we had seen the lion take covert. Christian gave us the signal to dismount, when we were, as well as could be judged, about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up. And now the die was cast,—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. Diederik and Mr. S. had now turned their horses, for, as we afterwards learned, they had been run off with, in consequence of their bridles having broken. The plan was to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, fearing they should become unruly at the sight of him.

All these preparations occupied but a few seconds, and they were not completed,—when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again:—but no,—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for former flight, he had made up his mind in turn to attack us. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we saw him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glistening with rage. We were unprepared; his motion was so rapid no one could take aim,—and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprung forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed, and on it fortunately stood C. Muller and Mr. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we saw the monster at this little distance, resolving as it were on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them aiming, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give a mortal blow, or the consequences might perhaps be fatal to some one of the party.—A second seemed a minute.—At length Christian fired;—the under-jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from his mouth, and he turned round with a view to escape.—Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet,—his mouth bleeding, his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us;—but his hind legs denied him assistance; he dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence by shooting him through the brain.—He was a noble animal—measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.

Diederik and Mr. S. at this crisis rejoined us, and eagerly inquired if all were safe. They had seen the lion bear down upon us, and they thought it impossible but that one of us must have suffered. The anxiety now was to learn whose horse had been the victim, and it was soon announced that it was a highly valued one of poor Diederik's. The lion's teeth had pierced quite through the lower part of the thigh; it was lame, and Diederik thinking it irrecoverably so, determined on shooting it, declaring that no *schelm* beast should kill his horse.—We all however interfered, and it was at length arranged with two Tambookies, that if

they would lead him to their kraal, they should have a goat for their trouble. The Tambookies had some beads given them for skinning the lion,—which they readily accomplished with their assagais; my trophy was the under jaw and teeth. The elements now seemed determined to crown the whole with a *feu de joie*, for in a few minutes we had just over us, a tremendous peal of thunder!—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

HOLY HEADS.

THERE is a neat cathedral, well hung, as usual, with pictures relating to miracles. One of these is pre-eminent in absurdity, being the representation of two decapitated saints, whose heads appear floating in a little boat, on a most tempestuous sea. The story is, that suffering martyrdom by the axe, their heads were thrown into the sea, and sinking to the bottom, a stone took compassion on them, and being changed into a boat, brought them safe into this friendly port. I need scarcely say, that this parody of the heathen stones of Orpheus and Arion is religiously believed by most of the inhabitants, and that a great fast is kept every year in commemoration of the event.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

A JONAS CRAB.

DURING the evening, whilst we were occupied at the wooding-place, a party of natives were observed running towards us along the beach on the south side without the port, apparently returning from a hunting excursion, for the woods on the south side of the bay had been on fire for the last two days. As they approached, they retired behind the beach among the trees, and, upon their reaching the opposite side of the entrance, crept upon their hands and knees behind the bushes, where they remained, as they thought, concealed until the evening. A little before dark they were observed to creep out and range themselves upon the beach, as if meditating upon their plans for the night, but by this time it was so dark that we could not see what they afterwards did; in order to deter them from approaching us, a musket was fired over their heads, and if this had the desired effect, it was a happy circumstance for them, for an immense shark was caught in the middle of the night, which, from the extraordinary capacity of its mouth and maw, could have swallowed one of them with the greatest ease. On opening the animal, we fully expected to discover the limbs of some of

the natives, who we assured ourselves had crossed over to our side the water; but we only found a crab, that had been so recently swallowed, that some of our people made no hesitation in eating it for their supper.—*King's Australia.*

Miscellaneous.

A JUDICIOUS LEGACY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following is a copy of a notice which is read in the parish churches of St. Mary and All Saints, Newmarket, every year during divine service, two Sundays preceding Easter Sunday, and on that day:—

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Will of John Perram, late of Turnford, in the parish of Cheshunt, in the county of Hertford, gentleman, deceased, a marriage portion of twenty-one pounds will be given to a young man (a parishioner of Newmarket,) who shall marry a woman (also a parishioner of Newmarket,) on Thursday in the ensuing Easter week. Neither of whom must be under twenty, nor above twenty-five years of age; nor be worth twenty pounds. The portion to be claimed at the vestry-room of Newmarket, St. Mary, on Monday, after Easter, at twelve o'clock, when the person claiming it must be prepared to prove himself entitled to it. And in case there be more than one claimant, it is to be decided by ballot to which of them the portion shall be given.

The parties claiming the marriage portion, after producing certificates of their baptism and marriage, and satisfactory proof of their settlement in either parish, make oath that they are not worth twenty pounds.

There is an investment in the three per cent. Consols, in the names of trustees, for the purpose of supplying the marriage portion, which has for the last eight years amounted to thirty pounds and upwards, clear of all expenses.

The above portion has been claimed these last four or five years together,—and twice by two of my servants.

S. P.

DRAMATIC BEAUTIES.

(For the Mirror.)

AIR.—“Oh, nothing in life can sadden us.”

AWAY, gloom and sorrow, there's naught here to sadden us,

Drink deep, drown our cares in the red ruby bowl:

Come, a health to those angels whose sirens strains madden us—

I love every one of them, aye, from my soul.

And first, bright-eyed Feet, that earthly divinity,
Smiling and willing, intralling each heart:
Then SMITHSON! how vain stoics cry, 'Tis a sin
to be

Sighing for Love, while all yield to his dart.
Oh, what would be life without the sweet crea-
tures,
My fancy flits o'er them unfetter'd and free;
In the sparkling wine I now view their bright
features,
And seizing the goblet, I drink, LOVE, to thee.

Here's to WAYLETT, whose eyes so bewitchingly
languish—

To FATON, whose charms fill each breast with
desire—

To VASTRAIS, for whom my poor heart feels such
anguish,

Who in my fond senses such raptures inspire.
And now the red stream of enchantment fast
flowing,
Thrills through every vein, and we revel in
bliss;

Our minds with the thoughts of such darling girls
glowing,

Each dream is enjoyment, each sigh is a kiss.
Oh, what would be life, &c.

Little FANNY FITZWILLIAM, dear charmer, here's
to thee,

A health here we pledge to thy bonny blue
eye;

And to thee, little GOWARD, wherever I view
thee,

For thy merry smiles how I languish and sigh.
But the wine mounds the brain, and the mind it
envelopes,

'Tis time to give o'er while the senses play
free;

There yet is one name which each beauty de-
velopes,

Rise and quaff the last bumper to fair ELLEN
TARR.

Oh, what would be life, &c.

G. W. C.

EPISTOLARY ELEGANCE.

THE following curious production ap-
pears in the *Madras Courier*, introduced
by the letter prefixed to it:—

Sir,—I beg leave to submit the follow-
ing for insertion in your paper at con-
venience, as exhibiting one of the most
amusing attempts at our epistolary style
that I have met with by a native. The
writer, a Bengalee "copying clerk," was
Baboo or Sircar to Mr. P——, in the
Board of Trade at Calcutta. Lieut. H—
belonged to the horse artillery, had a brother
in the civil service, and had taken
the subject of the letter under his protec-
tion.

Your very obt. servant,

J. C——.

Paragraph 1st.—Sir, With extreme hu-
mility and debasement I beg pardon in
presuming to interrupt your avocation,
which, no doubt, is deeply consequential

and important; but the insatiable avidity
of my Cravings has no boundary, there-
fore I hope to be excused mercifully, as
there is no help for human frailty.

Paragraph 2nd.—Contemplating with
adoration the sublime grandeur of Eng-
lish gentlemen, my heart and mind re-
bound and beat with such palpitation for
joy, that it may be likened unto the vul-
canic raptures of Mount Vusivious in
England. In this ecstasy of charming
bliss I avail myself of this spontaneous
opportunity of notifying to your honor's
remembrance the faithful and sincere pro-
mise you made me while in Calcutta, and
feeding myself with sanguine hopes, I
conceive advisable to recommend to your
protection my nephew, who has been can-
kering my vitals for his subsistence in
Life. Because with the intention of sa-
tisfying his ambitions and desires I eagerly
implore your goodness in the abundance
of your gracious gifts will be pleased to
cast your Prosperous Eyes on his misera-
ble case, and I recommend him to your
brother, who is fortunately arrived from
England safely on shore and is inhabit-
ing the Writer's Barracks near the long
Church Monument adjacent to my Office
called the Black Hole Remembrance.

Paragraph 3rd.—Offering in gladness
of heart Thanksgiving and Prayers to the
Worshipful Diety above the Stars and
Moon, I will make a sacred vow on get-
ting good tidings from your Honourable
goodness. Please to be good enough to
state to me particularly respecting your
health and welfare, that will gladden my
soul like Ghee, Sugar, and Milk mixed,
which English Gentlemen's make sweet
Puddin. I hope you are in happiness
and this will meet in perfect good condi-
tion of circumstance.

Paragraph 4th.—Perhaps most pro-
bably your Honor may in your Benevo-
lence take pity on me and to reply to my
address to you be moved to notice the
consequence of it, therefore please to
direct to me Board of Trade in Council
Old Fort opposite the Government Cust-
tom House. I take leave with due re-
spect, and remain, kind Sir,

Your humbly devoted serv.

GOURAMOHUN CHUND,

Mr. R. C. P——n's Writer.

N.B.—Please to recollect kindly to in-
close the letter of favour to your brother
in the answer you will send me to this.

To Lieut. J. C. H——e, Artillery
Horse Cavalry, Cawnpore.

CELERIAC.

THIS delicious esculent is now becoming
so common at our tables, that it is a mat-

tar of some importance to the public to be made acquainted with the most successful method of cultivating it; and the more especially because its excellence depends in a high degree upon the perfect manner in which it is grown. The author, himself a native of Denmark, where the management of this root is very skilfully practised, recommends "a light, moist, and well-manured or rich soil; the dung to be made use of must be in a most perfect state of decomposition. The seed, for a summer or autumn crop, is to be sown in a hot bed in February; for a winter crop, at the latter end of March or thereabouts. The young plants are to be inured to the open air by degrees, and, when strong enough, to be planted in rows about a foot apart. When they have acquired about half their growth, part of the mould is to be removed from about their roots, and all the side roots are to be carefully cut off, the mould being replaced as soon as the operation is performed, and the plants refreshed by a plentiful watering. In Denmark, and the northern parts of Germany, the roots are generally taken out of the ground at the end of October, and preserved for winter use in sand, in a dry house, or in a pit made in the open ground secured from frost." *Celeriac* is, we believe, little known in this country, and would doubtless repay the trouble of cultivation to most market-gardeners. It may be designated a *turnip-rooted celeriac*; the roots are from three to five inches in diameter; sliced they are excellent in soups, or may be eaten with vinegar as a pleasant winter salad. The Germans prepare the roots by boiling, till a fork easily passes through them; and when cold they are used with oil and vinegar; when boiled, the coat and fibres of the roots ought to be cut away, and the roots placed in cold water on the fire, not in boiling water. The roots are also excellent stewed in rich gravy.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

ALRASCHID.

THE khalif, Alraschid, was accosted one day by a poor woman, who complained that his soldiers had pillaged her house, and laid waste her grounds. The khalif desired her to remember the words of the Alcoran, "That when princes go forth to battle, the people, through whose fields they pass must suffer." "Yes," (says the woman,) but it is also written

in the same book, that the habitations of those princes, who authorise the injustice, shall be made desolate." This bold and just reply had a powerful effect on the khalif, who ordered immediate reparation to be made.

MECHANISM is said to have arrived at its climax; but what have we at present equal to a show at Mr. Boverick's, watch-maker, New Exchange, in 1745? The little furniture of a dining-room, cloth laid, two figures at table, footman waiting, a card table which opens, with drawer, frame and castors, looking-glass, two dozen of dishes, twenty dozen plates, thirty dozen spoons, forty-two skeleton back chairs, with claw feet, all contained in a *cherry-stone*!

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER.

IT is the custom in Russia to place a corpse on the night before the burial, in the church, where the priest accompanied by a chorister is obliged to pray. It once happened in a village, to the amazement of the priest, the corpse suddenly arose, came out of the coffin, and marched up to him. In vain the priest sprinkled him with holy water, he was seized, thrown to the ground, and killed. This story was related on the following morning by the terrified chorister, who had crept into a corner and concealed himself. He positively added that after having perpetrated the crime, the dead man laid himself down in the coffin again. He was really found so. Nobody could conceive how this murder could have been committed. At length, after a lapse of many years it was discovered. A robber, who among many other crimes, confessed this also, had slipped in the dark into the church, put the corpse aside, and taken his place in the coffin. After perpetrating the crime, he had put everything in order, and then retreated without being perceived. The motive of this murder was hatred to the priest, occasioned by an old quarrel.

THE following notice is taken from a newspaper of 1761:—"The ladies of distinction at the west end of the town have determined to bestow on the poor all the winnings at cards during the holidays."

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